

GRIT.

BY W. T. WHELAN.

Some call it luck, dear brother Jim,
Some term it common sense.
While others still with equal vim
Pronounce it Providence.
But I believe, in spite of all,
Fate, Providence, or luck,
Bull-headed luck or brassen gall,
It's proper name is "grit."

'Tis well for those, dear brother Jim,
With time and cash to spare
To lift their heads and hands to Him
In everlasting prayer.
But prayer alone won't win the fight,
In spite of how we write;
'Tis acts that tell, or wrong or right,
And actions call for "grit."

I've seen in trial tests of speed
The horse that balks or breaks,
Although he sometimes takes the lead,
He never takes the stakes.
While "sure-and-steady-on-the-stride,"
Though slower on the bit,
Is often on the winning side
Because he's got the "grit."

I've seen some fellows in my time,
Good, noble men and strong,
With hearts less human than divine,
Who couldn't get along.
No matter where you placed them, Jim,
They didn't seem to fit;
They couldn't win or sin or swim;
They didn't have the "grit."

Amid the countless ills of life,
Its pleasures and its woes,
The strongest factors in the strife
Are steady ticks and blows.
And though we may not always win
We never will submit.
But still, in life, dear brother Jim,
And die like men of "grit."

AT SIXES AND SEVENS.

"I wear No. 6,"—and she looked at her hand—
"Twas the hand of a goddess, even."
"And yours, I suppose,"—and she shot him a glance—
"Are something over seven."

"No, only just over six," he said,
As he placed his hand upon hers.
Why, really," she laughed, "if that be so,
You certainly ought to take honors."

"Oh! give them to me and I'll take them, dear."
She looked demure;—and just, she swore,
His muscled arm went rushing against her hip—
"Twas a case of sixes and sevens."

—Boston Globe

THE WUMP.

The wugwump comes when the hour is late
To the pane where the light is shining,
And the wugwump stands at the garden gate,
His arms the maid entwining.

Wugwump waits for the stealthy wink,
A brand denouncing,
The wugwump gaily takes a drink
From the jug while his hook he's baiting.

Wugwump kisses the nose of her pet,
And folds him to her bosom,
And the wugwump waits for his office yet,
And—well, we must excuse him.

—Boston Courier.

The Doctor's Story.

One evening a poor physician sat in his room in Florence wishing that some christian soul would have pity upon his meagerly filled purse and fall ill where he should be forced to take the case in charge. Not the smallest accident or the most trifling sickness had come into his hands for weeks, and starvation was staring him in the face. At this moment a man wrapped in a dark mantle glided into the room, addressing me—for I who write am the hero of the story—by name: "I need your assistance, doctor,"

he said, in an agitated whisper, "not for the living but for the dead. My sister, who came here with me on a visit to some relatives from our home in a foreign country, has just died, and before interring her remains in this strange land I desire, according to the custom of our family, to carry away with me her embalmed heart, that so much of her at least may repose among the ashes of our kindred. My mission is to ask if you will assist me in this painful duty. It is necessary that it be done at night, and quietly, since we do not wish to start the tongues of the gossips, or to allow the servants of the house to become aware of it. Here is the certificate of her death, signed by the regular physician, and as an earnest of my willingness to make the visit worth your while, allow me to lay this purse of gold upon your table."

Seeing the glimmer of the large, bright pieces in the flames of my expiring lamp, I could no longer hesitate. Besides the straightforward manliness of my visitor and his evident emotion quite won my sympathy. I followed him and after a long walk—during the latter part of which I consented to be led blindfolded—we stopped at the small side gate of a large and stately palace. Opening this, we ascended in the dark, a winding staircase, emerging in a dimly lighted corridor. Preceding me with noiseless footsteps, the stranger touched the spring of a secret door, which flying back revealed a lofty chamber lighted by a silver lamp swinging between marble columns. Here on a low couch lay the body of a beautiful young girl.

"You will excuse my personal attendance, doctor," said my guide turning away his face as if to conceal his tears. "It is more than I can bear, and I shall wait without until your task is finished." After a brief examination of my subject, who lay as if disposed for burial, and noting with interest the fact of her extreme youth and beauty, I prepared to make an incision in the region of her heart. Quickly, but less skillfully than usual, I plunged my long, sharp knife into her breast—when horror unspeakable—the dead girl stirred, opened a pair of dark, imploring eyes, moaned once, as the blood pushed in a current over the bed, and then lay motionless as when I had seen her first. So completely did this circumstance unnerve me that my hand was paralyzed. Evidently the case had been one of suspended animation, and the hand that might have rescued the poor girl from the jaws of death had but served to hurl her into them. Dizzy and despairing, cursing the poverty that had led me to accept this fatal commission, not daring to look a second time at my victim upon her blood-stained bier, I dashed my knife upon the floor and fled. The door opened easily, but my visitor was nowhere to be seen. My wish now was to avoid him, and I rushed headlong down the long stone staircase into the courtyard, into the street, believing the stars above a thousand watchers sat there to taunt me. How I finally reached home I know not, but when I found my self once more in the quiet of my poor room, everything as I had left it, books in their places, the cat purring, my mother's picture looking at me with a smile from the frame above my bed, I felt as if I had been wandering like Cain with a mark upon my brow during a century of woe. Throwing

myself upon my couch I hid my face in my pillow, trying to shut out the look of her dying eyes. Not until day broke did I fall in a tortured sleep, awakening from which toward mid-day with a start I tried to persuade myself that the events of the night were nothing but a dream. But there is the drawer, where I had locked them on going out, were the gold pieces, a silent but eloquent reminder of my misfortune. Seizing the purse with feverish fingers, I set out for a long tramp in the environs of the city, determining to bury the accursed thing out of my sight forever. In a remote spot on a solitary hillside I made its grave, wishing that I too might rest beneath the sod. As I walked home hunger and fatigue overpowered me. I gave my last bit of copper to a woman who was milking her cow, receiving in return a draught of the foaming fluid. This sustained me to reach home again, and in the street I met an old comrade, who, rallying me on my wild looks, invited me to breakfast. As I had had no supper the night before, poor human nature urged me to accept, and with the hot coffee, the rolls, the fruit and the omelet, a semblance of comfort stole into my heart. While talking with my friend an undercurrent of thought about the tragedy kept lapping over every other subject, as the tide comes in that nothing can hold back. Then it occurred to me to wonder if the brother, finding my mission unaccomplished, would not return to remonstrate with me, and to take away the money I had not earned. How could I explain to him the reason of my failure and my flight? Yes, surely, he would come to seek me, and as an honest man it was my duty to face him. As to explaining to him, that was another matter. Only one person in the world could have told him that my knife was plunged into a living breast and not a dead one, and she would speak no more. Why harrow her survivors with the unavailing knowledge of her brief return to life? After all I had acted without knowledge and at the instigation of the one who loved her best. Certainly he loved her, as brothers rarely love their sisters, it seemed to me. I recalled the shudder which he turned from a brief glance at the bed of death, and the sob in his voice that came, apparently, from mighty grief. Assuredly, I should see him again. Even now he might be awaiting me at my lodgings.

As I rose to go my friend, who had been carefully looking over a journal of the morning, read aloud a paragraph announcing that this was the wedding day of the young Princess N—, a Russian beauty, famous of late in Florentine society, who was to marry Prince L—, a Roman nobleman, as young, rich and well born as herself. "Let us go to the church door," suggested Paul, my friend, "even if we are not bidden. A cat may look at the king, and all the world may admire a bride alighting from her carriage." Excusing myself on the plea that my garments did not entitle me to a place even upon the pavement, I broke away from him and returned to my solitary room. As I mounted the stairs I walked slower, dreading the apparition of my visitor of the previous night. I opened the door to find that the room was empty and undisturbed. But upon my table lay a parcel, and tearing it open I saw within my bloody knife entangled in a paper on which these words were written:

"I return to you your property, my somewhat careless and decidedly nervous doctor. You will probably never hear from me again, but consider your gold well earned."

A cold sweat broke out upon my brow. Now indeed had my feet touched the waters of a dark and unknown sea. Could it be that I was the instrument of a crime?

I pass over the anguish of that day. In the evening, able no longer to endure my thoughts, I went out to a cheap cafe where I could venture to ask for a simple meal on trust, since by to-morrow would arrive the small allowance sent me by my widowed mother every month. I asked for little, but I ate less. In my dazed state I was conscious that people around me were talking excitedly. By and by some newcomer suggested to have the story over which they were all gabbling told connectedly. Thus it was that, like a creature in a dream, I heard of the tragedy with which Florence that day was ringing—the tale of an infamous attack the night before upon lovely Princess N— on the eve of her wedding day by some unknown miscreant, who, stabbing her while she lay asleep, had left her there dead. That she did not die was a marvel, but the stab, though deep, was not necessarily mortal. Clearly the assassin's hand must have wavered in his aim. Almost immediately the attendants, roused by some noise in the princess's room, had found her, and by prompt measures the unfortunate lady was restored to consciousness. Although hardly possible that she could survive, the physicians yet gave some hope. Useless to speak of the sorrow befalling the noble household of it or the young bridegroom thus cruelly robbed of his intended. Much more was printed and said regarding the murderer, his motive, and the search for him that was to be set on foot, but for that I care little. I was ready to deliver myself up at that moment, if it could serve to expose the villain who had used me for his tool. When I returned home again to meditate upon the best course for me to follow I found another note from the destroyer of my peace, curt and mysterious as the preceding.

"Fear nothing, doctor. You are safe and unsuspected. Our patient has escaped us."

Some years later I went one evening to the opera. Looking up at the array of beauties above me I saw her. Never to be forgotten was the exceedingly white skin, with the large, dark eyes and hair of raven blackness. She wore a robe of white with row after row of priceless pearls around her throat. "That's the beautiful Princess L—," said a gossip near me. "She has just returned to Florence with her husband for the first time since the tragedy that so nearly cost her life. Do you know there was a rumor that she had been drugged in some powerful fashion before the murder was attempted, but the whole affair was so hushed up that little was ever really known about it."

"Strange that no clew was found to suggest a motive for the crime," rejoined his neighbor. "If she, young, loving, and beloved, was so attacked, who is safe? That handsome man in the back of her box, who is leaning over her shoulder—see, he has just withdrawn into the shadow—is her husband," I supposed. No, the Prince is the light, youthful one, who is talking with the lady in red velvet. The other—yes, there he comes

forward—is the Count de S., who has been so long absent on his travels in the east. They used to say he was a suitor for her hand, but apparently the fancy is forgotten."

There, sitting at her elbow with an air of easy confidence—evidently the trusted and firm friend of wife and husband—I saw my enemy and hers.

The Seven Days' Fight.

From General Longstreet's contribution to the Century war series, in the July number, we quote the following: "The federals withdrew after the battle; and the next day I moved on around by the route which it was proposed we should take the day before. I followed the enemy to Harrison's Landing, and Jackson went down by another route in advance of Lee. As soon as we reached the front of the federal position we put out our skirmish-lines, and I ordered an advance, intending to make another attack, but revoked it on Jackson urging me to wait until the arrival of General Lee. Very soon General Lee came, and, after carefully considering the position of the enemy and of their gun-boats on the James, decided it would be better to forego any further operations. Our skirmish-lines were withdrawn, we ordered our troops back to their old lines around Richmond, and a month later McClellan's army was withdrawn to the north."

The seven days' fighting, although a decided confederate victory, was a succession of mishaps. If Jackson had arrived on the 26th—the day of his own selection—the federals would have been driven back from Mechanicsville without a battle. His delay there, caused by obstructions placed in his road by the enemy, was the first mishap. He was too late in entering the fight at Gaines's Mill, and the destruction of Grapevine bridge kept him from reaching Frayser's farm until the day after that battle. If he had been there, we might have destroyed or captured McClellan's army. Huger was in position for the battle of Frayser's farm, and after his batteries had mislaid me into opening the fight he subsided. Holmes and Magruder, who were on the New Market road to attack the federals as they passed that way, failed to do so.

General McClellan's retreat was successfully managed; therefore, we must give it credit for being well managed. He had 114,000 men, and insisted to the authorities at Washington that Lee had 200,000. In fact, Lee had only 90,000. General McClellan's plan to take Richmond by a siege was wise enough, and it would have been a success if the confederates had consented to such a program. In spite of McClellan's excellent plans, General Lee, with a force inferior in numbers, completely routed him, and while suffering less than McClellan, captured over ten thousand of his men. General Lee's plans in the seven days' fight were excellent, but were poorly executed. General McClellan was a very accomplished soldier and a very able engineer, but hardly equal to the position of field-marshal as a military chieftain. He organized the army of the Potomac cleverly, but did not handle it skillfully when in actual battle. Still I doubt if his retreat could have been better handled, though the rear of his army should have been more positively either in his own hands or in the hands of Sumner. Heintzelman crossed the White Oak swamp prematurely and left the rear of McClellan's army exposed, which would have been fatal had Jackson come up and taken part in Magruder's affair of the 29th, near Savage Station."

Our Flag.

St. Nicholas for July.
The subject of a flag or standard was considered early in the continental congress, and, on the 14th of June, 1777, this resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation.
The admission into the union, after the establishment of the present government, of Vermont and Kentucky as new states, caused the number of stars and stripes to be increased to fifteen each; and the subsequent addition of five other states led to the following enactment, which is yet in force, approved on the 4th of April, 1818:

An act to establish the flag of the United States.
Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the 4th day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be twenty stars, white in a blue field.
Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That on the admission of every new state into the union, one star be added to the union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th day of July then next succeeding such admission.

Whenever, therefore, an American sees this glorious ensign of his country, the stripes recall to his mind the birth of the republic, with the events that surrounded it; the stars suggest its wonderful development in size, in resources, and in power; and, in homage to the national grandeur and protective authority which it represents, wherever he beholds it—whether in mid-ocean floating at the head of a passing ship, or waved aloft in the streets of foreign lands—he lifts his hat to it with a patriotic feeling of filial love and pride.

Proverbs.

Merchant Traveler.
It is easier to tell a lie than to catch a fish.
A woman's bonnet must be orthodox before her prayer book is.
Winter sets in when poverty comes.
Principles, not pulpits, make a church.
The knife that cuts a custard pie may also cut a throat.
The best fitting coat is one that is paid for.

God makes the roses and the devil puts the thorns on.
The hand opens when the heart does.
The sculptured face on a gold coin may be beautiful, but neither tears nor smiles ever break its monotony.
Hearts build religion for brains to tear down.

Girls think men are all soul; women know they are all stomach.
The preacher turns love's young dream into a nightmare.
Fortune feeds soup to most men with a fork.

Gipsy Eccentricities.

Fall Mail Gazette.
Few more fantastic scenes can be conceived than a gipsy wedding. The place usually chosen is a sand pit. In two long rows, fronting each other, the attendants take their stand, leaving a path in the middle, half way down which a broomstick is held up about eighteen inches above the ground. The bridegroom is called, walks down the path, steps over the broomstick, and awaits the maiden's arrival. She, too, is called, walks down between the two rows of

gipsies, lightly trips over the stick, and is then received into the arms of her husband. A few days of fasting follow, and then the wild, wandering life is resumed. Children grow up in the tent or van, and as the wants become greater the gipsy matron adds another to her resources for making a livelihood. The fortunes she predicts to the farmer's blooming daughter bring many a meal to her hungry family, and the elegantly lady who allows her stealthily to enter her rich home rewards her with money or cast-off clothes, when from the lines of her hands she has been foretold a future full of splendor. Old age comes slowly to the gipsy race; weakness, pain and suffering are strangers among them, and the physician's craft is despised, as are all the other institutions of the Gorgos. But when death at length enters the gipsy's tent he is borne unclothed to his last resting place, deep in the forest or on the lonely heath, and as often as their wanderings bring the gipsy to the place where one of "our people" is laid to rest they stop and pay a short tribute to the memory of him who sleeps beneath the moss or heather.

KANSAS CHURCHES.

Items of Interest Concerning Them.

There is no Episcopal organization in Emporia.

A colored church is being erected at Burlington, Coffey county.

A Swedish Evangelical church has been organized at Saron, Cloud county.

The Presbyterians of Burlington are agitating the question of building a church.

A Methodist Episcopal church at Rochester, Kingman county, has been organized.

The Christian church of Marion has filed its charter with the secretary of state at Topeka.

The charter of the First Christian church of Lawrence has been filed with the secretary of state.

The society of Dunkards have commenced their new church building at Augusta, Butler county.

Rev. M. T. Smilker, of Independence, has been holding successful meetings at the Catholic church in Thayer, which have resulted in numerous accessions to the church.

Burlington Patriot: The laying of the corner stone of the Second Missionary Baptist church of Burlington occurred last week. A large number of people from abroad were present to witness the dedicatory services.

Recorder: The Christian denomination of Westmoreland are in earnest about erecting a church building, and are laying their plans that it may be possible for them to worship in their own edifice ere snow flies again.

Emporia Republican: Rev. W. I. Brooks found the U. P. congregation here two years ago with fourteen members and no house, prayer meeting nor Sunday school; he leaves them with over sixty members, a good house, a good weekly prayer meeting, and a Sunday school of over sixty members. Mr. Brooks goes to Miltonvale, Cloud county, Kansas. It is expected that another gentleman will soon take the place he leaves.

Independence Tribune: The Friends church is now firmly established in Independence, and with its large number of christian workers, will make itself felt in the work of the Master. Heretofore they have been worshipping from house to house, but now they prove a church of their own. The building is about 33x55, high ceiling, well lighted with two pane windows, and the inside finished in pine, with oil finish. It is neat, pretty, and a credit to the society.

Ellsworth Reporter: A rapidly growing city will naturally create a demand for an increase of churches. The Presbyterians are planning to repair and beautify their already comfortable house of worship. The Methodist have just completed a house which is a credit to both the people and city, and now the Baptists who own a desirable lot on Kansas avenue are determined to "rise and build." As usual in all such cases, the ladies are coming to the front and are raising funds to carry on the good work.

Mr. Edmunds Before the Lords.

Senator Edmunds, according to a New York Herald reporter, has gone to England to testify before the Committee on Privileges of the House of Lords touching certain points of American law. He said: "My testimony is needed in a civil suit affecting the title of one of the oldest peerages in England, the income of which is \$80,000 a year. It is that of the Earl of Lauderdale. The history of the contest was published in the newspapers some time ago. The suit is to be tried in the House of Lords, in July, and will be argued before the Committee on Privileges by the attorney-general on one side and the solicitor-general on the other, and a great array of legal talent.

The case in which Senator Edmunds is engaged turns on the validity of the marriage of Sir Richard Maitland with Mary McAdam, which was celebrated by Dr. Ogilvie, of Trinity church (in 1772) in New York city. The estate is claimed by two Maitlands, one Major Frederick Henry Maitland, of the Bengal cavalry, and political agent for Central India. He is the direct descendant of Sir Richard Maitland, who was adjutant-general of the North American colony from 1785 to 1772, and the fourth son of the sixth Earl of Lauderdale. The other claimant is Sir James Ramsey Maitland, who is a descendant of the fifth son of the sixth Earl.

If the House of Lords comes to the conclusion that Mary McAdam was lawfully married to Sir Richard Maitland, and that her children were born in lawful wedlock, then Sir Frederick will become the next Earl of Lauderdale. If the decision is against the validity of the marriage, then Sir James will succeed. It is in regard to this marriage and to the laws and customs in force in the colonies at the time that Senator Edmunds has been summoned to give testimony before the law lords.

Holton Signal: "Will wheat grow?" is a question often asked by farmers. E. J. Pullen, of Larkin, after making a thorough investigation, contends that it will. He planted some wheat and cheat together and the other day exhibited to us sprouted seeds of both.

Manhattan Mercury: The Baptist denomination have perfected arrangements to build a parsonage just west of the church. Work will be commenced at once.

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